

643.9/18
80
FALSE COLOURS,

A

C O M E D Y,

IN FIVE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

KING'S THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET,

BY HIS MAJESTY'S COMPANY

FROM THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BY EDWARD MORRIS,

FELLOW OF PETERHOUSE, CAMBRIDGE.

Da mihi te placidum, dederis in carmina vires ;
Ingenium vultu statque caditque tuo.

OVID.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand.

1793.

FALSE COLOURS

C O L O U R S

IN FIVE ACTS

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, THE PATENT

BY HIS MAJESTY'S COMPANY

OF ACTORS

THEATRE ROYAL, THE PATENT

BY EDWARD MORRIS

RECTOR OF THEATRE ROYAL, THE PATENT

It is to be observed, that in the above
programme, the names of the actors

are

L O N D O N

Printed for E. Gifford, in the Strand

1793

TO
MISS *FARRER*;
AS A *FAINT* TRIBUTE,
TO HER
EXQUISITE PERFORMANCE OF *CONSTANCE*,
THIS COMEDY
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
BY
HER OBLIGED AND OBEDIENT
HUMBLE SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

TO

MISS FARRER;

AS A TESTIMONY

TO HER

EXQUISITE PERFORMANCE OF CONSTANCE

THIS COMEDY

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

HER OFFICED AND OBLIGED

HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE liberality and candour with which this Comedy was received on its representation, flatters the Author with the hope that the same indulgence may attend it to the closet.—To the performers, he is not a little gratified by this opportunity of returning his warmest thanks. On these occasions great obligation is generally due, not only to them, but to the manager; and when an author has found, as in the present instance, a nice discriminating judgment, exerted with the most friendly zeal in his favour, he cannot but feel most sensibly, how far acknowledgments fall short, in expressing his sentiments of Mr. Kemble, as a scholar, and a gentleman.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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PROLOGUE.

Written by CHARLES MORRIS, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. WROUGHTON.

*TO paint dramatic scribblers' hopes and fears,
Has been the Prologue's heavy task for years ;
To-night, a kind reception is our aim,
For one who on " False Colours" builds his fame.
In times like these, when high on ev'ry side,
Britain's True Colours float in martial pride,
Awhile let's drop the customary lay,
And to our country's worth due tribute pay ;
Where social compact binds in silken chains
True Freedom's sons, and Britons' rights maintains.
At home secure, her prince in foreign lands
Leads on to glorious deeds her valiant bands ;
At honor's call the dearest objects yield,
He braves the dangers of the hostile field,
And round a nation spreads Britannia's sev'nfold shield.
To factious Gaul the Muse indignant turns ;
With loyal pride her proffer'd mischief spurns——
There, gloomy Discord dims fair Freedom's ray,
And Desolation marks her iron sway ;
Peace flies the hated spot ; aghast she stood ;
Her garment crimson'd with a monarch's blood——
Quick fall the veil—let comic scenes appear,
To chase from honest cheeks the gen'rous tear.
Our bard, three winters since, tried critic seas ;
His bark, Th' Adventurers, gain'd a fav'ring breeze,
Fann'd by the genial breath, it reach'd the coast,
Where many a stouter vessel has been lost.
Buoy'd up by hope, again he trusts to fate
Another launch, and risks a deeper freight.
Let no rude storms her tender frame assail,
But candor gently raise a prosp'rous gale ;
With approbation crown his best endeavour,
And grant the wish'd-for passport—Public Favour.*

PROLOGUE Written by CHARLES MORRIS, Esq. Spoken by Mr. WROUGHTON. DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

LORD VISAGE,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Suett.
SIR PAUL PANICK,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. King.
SIR HARRY CECIL,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Wroughton.
CAPTAIN MONTAGUE,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Barrymore.
GROTESQUE,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. J. Bannister.
SUBTLE, <i>Servant to Lord Visage,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. R. Palmer.
TONY, <i>Servant to Sir Paul,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Wewitzer.
ROBERT, <i>the Butler,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Madox.
COOK,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Alfred.
FIRST SERVANT.						
SECOND SERVANT.						

WOMEN.

LADY PANICK, <i>Wife to Sir Paul,</i>	-	-	-	Miss Pope.
CONSTANCE EVELYN, <i>her Ward,</i>	-	-	-	Miss Farren.
HARRIET, <i>her Niece,</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. Goodall.
LUCY, <i>Maid to Constance,</i>	-	-	-	Miss Heard.

SCENE. *At or near Sir Paul's Seat in Cumberland.*

TIME. *Of Representation.*

FALSE COLOURS.

A C T I.

SCENE. *A Hall—(a ringing at the door.)*

Enter Tony, with a tankard in his hand.

Tony.

WHY, Jonathan Geoffrey—are none of you up yet? Will nobody go to the door?—Was there ever such a lazy pack of drunken scoundrels (*he drinks—bell rings again*)—aye, now this is what one gets by being industrious and rising early—instead of a cool comfortable tankard, I must be pacing to the door here before eight in the morning—(*bell rings again*). Ecod I have a great mind to go to bed again. No, as I am here, for once I'll do a good-natured act—and—(*opens the door.*)

Enter Subtle.

Eh, Master Subtle, is it you so early? Where is my lord?

Subtle. On the road, my boy; but he sent me forward with a letter for her ladyship. Is she up yet?

B

Tony.

Tony. Up? Lord help you—not a soul stirring in the house! To tell you the truth, we had a grand rehearsal of one of our Comedies last night, and, somehow, that always makes the family pure sleepy in the morning.

Subtle. What? my lady dashes as usual—eh!

Tony. Dashes—why, we have a private Theatre you know. Eeod, I am a gentleman performer,—hi, hi,—and there's Miss Constance acts as well as thof she was paid for it—then we have our *dilatory* concerts.

Subtle. But what does Sir Paul say? Where are his fears and caution? Why he never dared shew his nose at night; and the bare idea of a hot room used to throw him into a cold sweat.

Tony. Aye, aye, he is at his old pranks still—Nostrums to give appetite in a morning, and nostrums to help digestion in the afternoon. Why, all the servants are but just out of their spring physic—to cool the blood, as he says. Then we are regularly dosed with drugs once a month to prevent fevers. Here, pull away my boy—(*gives the tankard*)—and tell us, is my lord as great a phyzzionomite as he used to be—eh!

Subtle. As great? Why man, he has had the whole household shaved bald as coots, to shew the shape of their foreheads, and wears his wig full two inches in arrear to display his own. You see I am obliged to wear my ears *al fresco*. Such a set as we have at home—not a vulgar face among us. The quarter-sessions indeed makes sad havoc—carried off a brace of heroes last week that were perfect.

Tony. Eh! how? perfect.

Subtle. Aye, nose and chin; but I told my lord at the time, their necks had a very suspicious turn; and indeed they were a little confused in their ideas of property.

Tony. But you don't drink—may be, you like wine better. I can smug you a play-house bottle from our property man.

[*Bell rings.*
Subtle.

Subtle. Eh! no—there is the bell—have a care when his lordship comes, or egad he may detect you.

Tony. Eh! what! oh dear—you don't say so—how?

Subtle. By your face, to be sure. Why man, the features are his alphabet, and he reads characters at sight. Now and then indeed he meets with a crabbed sort of print. You now for instance—that nose of your's is so plaguily ill-spelt—that he'll hardly be able to determine, whether of the two you are most given to—women or wine—though on a nearer inspection the wine seems to have got into your nose, and the women into your head—but come along.

Tony. Ah, Master Subtle, you are a wag; not that I like drinking for drinking sake, only a bottle is company, and one hates to be alone. As for the women, why somehow they do get into a body's head.

Subtle. Never mind, Tony, keep your own counsel; yours seems to be made of such good impenetrable stuff, that whatever may be in, I don't see any thing come out of it. (*Bell rings again.*) [Exeunt in a hurry.]

SCENE—*The Garden.*

Enter Harriet, followed by Montague.

Montague. Nay, but my dear Harriet, give me up the promise of marriage. Why keep a musty parchment, every word of which is obsolete.

Harriet. But it's validity is not obsolete. I know 'twas given three years since to Harriet, the daughter of an opulent merchant, which Harriet now finds herself, by his death and insolvency, a poor dependant on the bounty of her aunt Lady Panick—but for all that, the promise is valid.

Mont. True woman—she has me—and no power on earth could make her quit her hold—(*aside*)—'fdeath have I not laid Sir Harry Cecil, a young Baronet, and 5000*l.* a year, at your feet.

Har. Not altogether that.

B 2

Mont.

Mont. I tell you—it is but playing on his ridiculous caprice, and you are sure of him. Is it not the very end of his plot? Has he not changed characters with me for this sole purpose? To find a girl that would love him for himself forsooth—without the aid of title, fortune, or any such gross attraction—the conceited mongrel;—and while every one else in the family is a stranger to the truth, have I not revealed it to you—shewn you how to lay the net?

Har. Fair and softly, my good sir; there is a delicate sensibility about his mind, of which you have no conception. I must have time—yielding too soon, instead of winning, would disgust him.

Mont. Pshaw—let it seem from excess of affection, then 'twill the more flatter his vanity, and judgment is too prudent to shew its face against such an antagonist; besides, not a moment's to be lost—he begins to see his folly, and a premature discovery of his real character would strip me of my title, disclose *the disinterestedness* of your attachment, and ruin both our prospects—so, pry-thee, my good Harriet, away with delicacy—you have never yet troubled her much, and she is a coy prude, that does not take kindly to new acquaintance. What have you done for me with Constance?

Har. All that inuendoes can effect has been tried—your name emblazoned with every virtue—and one thing is certain.

Mont. What, my sweet girl, what?

Har. Why, young Visage turns out a confirmed libertine.

Mont. I knew it, but what of that? Spare my impatience.

Har. She is certainly averse to the match.

Mont. This is news indeed—I am transported, thou dear delicious girl—why I could almost kneel and worship thee. (*Going to kneel.*)

Har. Confusion—here is sir Harry.

Mont.

FALSE COLOURS.

5

Mont. The devil he is.

Har. Stay, stay—don't move.

Enter Sir Harry Cecil, who stops at the back of the Stage on seeing them.

Mont. (*In a low voice.*) Curfes on my heroics.

Har. (*Pretending not to see Sir Harry.*) Believe me, Sir, I am far from insensible to your merit; but no consideration shall tempt my hand, where I cannot give my heart. That—(*seeing Sir Harry*)—Captain Montague, here. I am really so confused— [Exit.

Mont. (*Pretending not to see Sir Harry*)—That in the whole female world my cursed star should point to a woman, who is as blind to the gifts of fortune as the goddesses in giving them! Eh! are you there? (*seeing Sir Harry*),—you heard her then? Did you think, Cecil, there existed on the face of the earth a woman who would refuse an estate of 5000l. a year, with no other incumbrance than a young baronet of twenty-five.

Sir Harry. Had you no quarrel?

Mont. Oh dear no. She offered me her friendship. No woman ever refuses a man without offering him her friendship. It's the rule of the sex.

Sir Harry. What was her reason?

Mont. No. I will not betray her. Could she have one? She did indeed confess.

Sir Harry. Prithee let us change the subject. No more of Harriet.

Mont. What should we talk about, but these rural divinities; and I am sure she is a thousand times a finer girl than her friend Constance.

Sir Harry. Constance—an angel—I met her within this half hour. She had been relieving the family of a poor peasant—her eye yet wet. Oh, Montague, the tear of sensibility on the cheek of a beautiful woman, like the dew-drop of heaven on its favourite rose, sheds new sweetness where all was sweet before.

Mont.

Mont. Eh! fits the wind in that corner—it must shift, and speedily too—[*Aside.*] Why, zounds, your morality has not stumbled on a married woman to flirt with?

Sir Harry. A married woman!

Mont. Not quite indeed as to forms;—but Lord Visage and his Nephew are expected every hour;—and the knot will then be tied without further delay.

Sir Harry. Do you know any thing of this young Visage?—

Mont. Not I!—but they say he is one of the finest fellows breathing.

Sir Harry. Constance likes the match then.

Mont. Did you never hear her speak of it?—’Tis the very delirium of passion.

Sir Harry. Why, she never saw him.

Mont. That is true,—no!—She never saw him;—but his picture she has,—and then his reputation.—

Sir Harry. You seem to dwell on it with peculiar satisfaction.—Fool that I was, to hazard a declaration under such circumstances; if I thought she had not seen the verses,—perhaps they are yet on her harp.—[*Aside.*]—Do you know, Sir, I begin to be weary of this your name of Montagu.

Mont. That is more than I am of your title of Sir Harry.—I would not pay the name of Cecil so bad a compliment.

Sir Harry. Why Sir,—why was I betrayed into this scheme?

Mont. Nay, it was your own.

Sir Harry. Where then was your friendship; you should have check’d my wild, fantastic humour—not urged me on.

Mont. Nay, seriously—I see no reason for regret—in compliance with a pleasant romantic whim of the moment—we have changed names and characters.—You have taken mine of Montague—I yours of Sir Harry;—a deception indeed it is;—but surely a most innocent one.

Sir Harry. I fear, Sir, no deception can be innocent:—have we not imposed on a whole family? they received us with hospitality, and we return it with a lie.

Mont. You speak of us, as of common adventurers;—if you were not really the Baronet, whose person and character I represent, we might hold this language;—but since 'tis merely a change between us—excentric, as the refinement may be, that tempted you to take my name of Montague;—the present wish to discover us, is still more so—just at the moment of success.

Sir Harry. Success!

Mont. The very child of your wish,—a girl that doats on you, even in this your poverty,—that has rejected me and 5000 l. a-year, for you and a knapsack; the lovely accomplished Harriet—since it must out—she confessed it to me—with streaming eyes, and—a candor, which, in spite of the mortification, (no trifling one, let me tell you,) won my esteem—that—

Sir Harry. Hold, hold!—How cruelly have I involved myself—enamoured to distraction of a woman that views me with indifference.—A few common attentions have entangled me with another I can only esteem.—[*Aside.*] Harriet is an amiable girl;—and if I were convinced—(Sir Paul and Lady Panick wrangling behind the scenes).

Mont. Here are Sir Paul and Lady Panick—you shall hear more.—Did you observe her look when you came in?

Sir Harry. I must own I did.

Mont. Envious Cecil—that look would have made me the happiest of men.— [Exit.]

Enter Sir Paul and Lady Panick.

Sir Paul. Don't tell me, my Lady—paint the house—contaminate the very air I breathe.

Lady Panick. Nay—you need not come near it, Sir Paul.

Sir

Sir Paul. Zounds, I should drink it in at every pore—swallow poison by quarts—I am bloated at the thought!

Lady Panick. Must not I have my theatre fitted up for the winter months?—is not that reason?—Would you have me play tragedies in warm weather—or sigh sentiment in the dog-days?—Besides—Lord Visage expects it in compliment to his Nephew's marriage with Constance—were not the preparations left to me—have I not his proxy?

Sir Paul. Yes, yes—his Lordship will poison by proxy,—no doubt;—but he shall not play off his privileged tricks on me.—I'll not be prevailed on to quaff down columns of pestilential vapour.

Lady Panick. I tell you—'tis absolutely filthy—have you no ideas of cleanliness, Sir Paul?

Sir Paul. Cleanliness!—Zounds, my house my Lady—is not an Augean stable, to have a river turn'd through it twice a week—do you think I am amphibious as a Dutchman—or that I have the constitution of a water-rat?

Lady Panick. Sir Paul, Sir Paul!—you are a mere drudge to the false notions of a mock prudence, and take infinitely more pains to *prevent* an evil—than the *curing* it would require.

Sir Paul. Do I not succeed?—Have I ever a moment's illness?

Lady Panick. Have you ever a moment's health? Do you not visit every empiric in town?—Does not the press groan with certificates of your restoration, and your name is as constantly found at the bottom of their bills, as the blue lamp over the door—you sacrifice every thing to your ridiculous fears—was I not obliged to give up visiting the dowager duchess, because you would not suffer her to bring little Pompey?

Sir Paul. And, zounds—my Lady—did not little Pompey go off in a fit of the hydrophobia?

Lady Panick. And what then, Sir Paul? as it was, you insisted

insisted my whole establishment should go through a course of the Ormskirk :—besides, some trifles must be overlook'd, if you wish for an intercourse with people of fashion.—I could have introduced you into the first cast of characters;—and you would hardly suffer yourself to be propos'd at the club.

Sir Paul. And was I not black-ball'd at the club?

Lady Panick. How could it be otherwise?—you would not canvass, Sir Paul; do you think people get into the *Chit-Chat* as they would get into a rotten borough?—but the little flights of fashion you call fatigue—nay you call every thing fatigue.—I wonder what you married me for?

Sir Paul. Really, my Lady, I am not casuist enough to determine.—Is my peace to be constantly sacrificed to your caprice—all my caution given up?

Lady Panick. Pretty caution indeed!—summer furs—and a dozen magnets dangling at your neck.

Sir Paul. Facts are stubborn, my Lady, facts are stubborn; was not every body with muffled throats and knockers, while I had not even a tickling?

Lady Panick. No, but you poison'd all the rooms with the fumes of tobacco, and I know not what—made every visitor perform Quarantine—and forbade Dr. Diet the house, for fear he should bring contagion in the plaits of his hospital suit—nay, you broke off all connection with our good neighbour the Alderman.

Sir Paul. Good neighbour!—aye, that is one of your civil importunate families—driving their good things down your throat.—Zounds! I never enter'd their den—that I did not eat myself into a Plethora to satisfy the wife—and drink myself almost dropfical to oblige the husband.

Enter Subtle with a letter, introduced by Tony.

Tony. Mr. Subtle, Lord Visage's man, my Lady.

Lady Panick. What! is Lord Visage arriv'd?

Subt. Your Ladyship will find by that letter.

Lady Panick. How! You need not wait. [*Exit Subtle and Tony. Reads aloud.*] “I shall follow this in a few
“instants myself—but what I have to communicate
“does not admit even of that delay. The marriage of
“Constance and my Nephew cannot take place; he is
“unworthy of her. I have now discover’d what a long
“absence had kept from my knowledge, that his person
“and fortune are the victims of dissipation. I have paid
“his debts, and sent him abroad. Till we meet,” &c.

Sir Paul. Ay, there—I always expected as much; and recommended that Sir Harry should not have received so positive a rejection; but that you laughed at, as one of my ridiculous precautions.

Lady Panick. Why, do you suppose he will not renew his addresses? Will you seek him?—With your cautious management, my dear, we could not fail.

Sir Paul. Why really, my Lady—I made so desperate a plunge myself, that, whatever may be my opinion on this subject—upon my soul I have not the face to offer a word. (*Going.*)

Lady Panick. Was there ever circumstance so provoking? Just as my preparations were completed, and I was ready to blaze forth in all the lustre of splendid elegance.—Then my Epithalamium too, which every body said was the prettiest thing I ever wrote—to have it—a mere dead letter, after all! [*Exit.*]

Sir Paul, (calling after her.) No, no, my dear, as you took care to shew it in confidence to every creature with whom you had the most distant acquaintance, I don’t think its publicity will be at all affected. [*Exit.*]

SCENE. *A Dressing-room, with a Harp, &c.*

Enter Constance, followed by Lucy.

Const. Heigh-ho—What a world of perplexity have I to encounter! the husband destined for me by my guardians expected every hour—and the man I love, unconscious of the passion he has inspired! Dame Nature

ture treats her children but forrily after all ; did she possess half her boasted intelligence, would she not have whisper'd him the secret ?—Ah, Montague—(*goes towards her table*)—Eh, what is this !—a copy of verses as I live—and on *my* harp. (*Reads.*) “Antonio”—Lucy, Lucy, how long have you left the room—has any one been here—have you seen any one loitering about ?—Quick, answer.

Lucy. Not a creature, ma'am, as I hope for—

Const. Who then do you suppose is Antonio ?

Lucy. Young Mr. Visage, ma'am ; it must be a compliment from him.

Const. Pshaw, how could he leave it here ?

Lucy. That is true—then it must ; yes, it must be Sir Harry Cecil !

Const. Was ever any thing so dull—Why, why Sir Harry Cecil ?

Lucy. It cannot surely, ma'am, be Captain Montague ?

Const. Now I am sure it can only be Captain Montague. You shall hear. (*Reads.*)

*Soft music, let my humble lay
Thy sweetest accents move,
While in delusive hope I stray,
To Julia, and to love.*

*That when to court the willing strain,
She tries her graceful art,
Each trembling tone may breathe again
The sigh that rends my heart.*

*And should thy plaintive murmurs steal
A sympathetic tear,
In fond emotion then reveal,
Antonio sent thee here.*

ANTONIO.

Lucy, did you ever hear any thing so exquisite ?

Lucy. Never, ma'am—Old Robin Grey is nothing to it.

Const. I see you have a taste for poetry—it is indeed delightful.—I must positively try it——(*Sings the words to an air.*)

Enter Harriet, who stops at the side-scene.

Const. But, Julia—Julia! if it should not be meant for me?

Lucy. Aye, madam, that plaguy Julia—do you know I have been turning and turning Constance every way—and for the life of me, I cannot make Julia of it.

Const. Ah, Lucy, but I have something here (*touching her heart*) which can——

Har. So, so, is it there with you, my good madam? (*aside.*) Constance, my aunt waits breakfast for you in the parlour. Have you seen a sonnet hereabouts?

Const. A sonnet?

Har. Yes—where can it be?—I was trying it this morning, and left it somewhere here.

Const. Are you sure it was for you?

Har. As sure as that I am Julia.

Enter Sir Harry.

Sir Harry. Confusion! they are here. [*Stays behind.*

Const. Here is one I was endeavouring to make something of—but it was quite impossible.

Sir Harry. A pretty ridiculous figure I make here.

[*Aside.*

Const. A mere jingle of rhyme.

Har. Nay, nay, you cannot think so.

Sir Harry. Now cannot I advance or retreat for the soul of me, though to stay here is the devil.

Const. I was telling Lucy so, when you came in—was I not, Lucy? (*She turns and sees Sir Harry.*) Eh! Captain Montague here!

Sir Harry. Yes, ma'am—Lady Panick—Lady Panick, I say—requested me—to tell you—the breakfast was—

on

on the table—but as—I saw—you were particularly engaged—I did not feel myself authorized to interrupt—and with your permission will take my leave. [*Going.*]

Const. No, no, we are much obliged to you—and as gallantry is so rare in these days—suppose, Harriet, in return, you was to shew the Captain this sonnet, if that is what you call it—let us have his opinion.

Sir Harry. Mine—by no means.—Indeed you must excuse me.

Har. Oh fie! Constance—fie.—I shall have her discover the truth. [*Aside.*]

Sir Harry. Upon my soul, I am the dullest dog alive—and have not, unluckily, the least taste for poetry.

Const. Taste—nay, nay, there is no great necessity for taste—it is but the old story—sighs, sympathies, emotions, and so forth—Ha, ha!

Sir Harry. Ha, ha—If ever I set pen to paper again—
[*Aside.*]

Har. This may be entertaining to you, Constance—but, believe me, it has all the spleen of wit without its point.

Const. Nay, my dear, if the thing has no wit in itself—don't be angry that it is the cause of wit in others—You shall write dozens such in a second—I'll give you the receipt.

Sir Harry. Any other time I should be too happy—but at present—

Har. The breakfast waits; consider my aunt.

Const. Listen now. Receipt for a sonnet—Take of sighs and tears a quantity at discretion—Then, if you mean to be very pathetic—and I would always recommend it—your sighs may add plaintiveness to the southern breeze, and your tears swell the stream of the brook—At any rate, mix them well with sympathy—Oh, sympathy is a marvellous ingredient; for, as nobody knows what it is, every body has it—And, should the fit be
very

very strong, the rose may turn pale at her complexion, and the lily be put to the blush, or——

Sir Harry, (interrupting her.) I can hold no longer. That I should be rejected, madam, perhaps a sense of my own unworthiness might have taught me to expect—— But you must allow me to tell you,—in the anguish of my heart to tell you, I know not where I could have learnt that Miss Evelyn would return contempt for confidence, or aggravate misfortune by insult. *[Exit.]*

Const. What can he mean?

Har. Why——that I have rejected and betrayed him to you to be sure, and join'd in sporting with his passion. These are the effects of your raillery, the return for my confidence as he says——but I fly to undeceive him. They must be kept apart, or we are ruin'd. *(Aside.) [Exit.]*

Const. I know not what to think——There was a tender earnestness in his manner, a softness in his address to me, that ill accords——Harriet cannot sure——impossible——it must be as she says. Alas, alas! how wakeful is the heart to bewilder and mislead the judgment!

[Exit.]

A C T II.

SCENE. *An Anti-Room.*

Enter Subtle with Robert, the Cook, and two or three more Servants.

Subtle.

HAVE a care, my boys, here comes his lordship. Now, as I know you are all of you given to lying, drinking, wenching, and such elegant accomplishments,

plishments, I would have you keep in the back ground—and, above all, put on your best looks, or you are undone: his lordship, you know, reads faces, and within this last month, on the bare evidence of their noses and chins, he has detected five felons, a brace of highwaymen, six sheep-stealers, and pickpockets out of number. To tell you the truth, the servants in our country would almost as soon see the devil; and, between ourselves, they are persuaded he is in habits of familiarity with that gentleman, or how can he make such discoveries!

Rob. I wish I was well out of his way. [*Aside.*

1st & 2d Serv. Oh, Lord! (*buffing Robert before them.*) Robert, you know you must stand first.

Rob. To be sure, to be sure; what are you afraid of—eh?—What noise is that? her ladyship's bell—Did you not hear it?

Sub. & 2 Serv. No, not I.

Rob. Very likely; but I must find heels, though you can't ears. [*As he is going out, he meets Lord Visage.*

Lord Vis. Eh, eh! how! what is that about ears? Subtle, I don't like that fellow's ears; there is a want of firmness about them that is ominous.

Rob. I beg your lordship's pardon, but I was running to answer my lady's bell. I must invent some excuse to get away. (*Aside.*) There it is again—Coming, my Lady, coming—Happy to see your lordship at our house—Though I wish you were at your friend the devil's, from my soul. (*Aside as he goes off.*)

Lord Vis. Sly thief; but I mark'd him, nature has mark'd him, and the police will mark him;—his face is an overt act. Where is Sir Paul?

Sub. This way, my lord.

1st & 2d Serv. Come, cook, let us sneak off.

Cook. What, do you think I'll budge. If I do, damme.

Lord Vis. Eh! what an oath!—I thought so; that fellow's face is all oaths; it's in a state of ebullition at this moment. Oh, he is a desperate dog!

Cook. Why, my lord, do you see, we understand you are come here upon a sort of an *inquisitive* scheme, as a body may say; now we are true-born Britons, and will only be tried by a Jury.

Lord Vis. Why, rascal, your features are a jury that have found you guilty; that nose is of itself a verdict, and your voice would pronounce sentence against you in any court of Christendom.—If that fellow dies a natural death, I'll give up Physiognomy and burn Lavater. [*Exit.*]

SCENE. *A Room.*

Enter Sir Paul Panick and Lord Visage.

Sir Paul. Yes, yes, I tell you; Sir Harry Cecil—he had proposed for Constance before, and has renewed his addresses. Do you know him?

Lord Vis. The family, his father intimately; but not the present baronet. He came to the title not long since, by the death of his elder brother. Who introduced him to you?

Sir Paul. He and Captain Montague brought letters from a friend of my wife's; and as they came to see the lakes, she ask'd them to the house. Poor Visage! I knew how 'twould end, I always told you so; and now you have sent him abroad, worse and worse. You may graft exotics on the oak, but take my word it is but wasting the generous sap of the tree.

Lord Vis. It would indeed be wasted in your city atmosphere, where your passions, affections, all blow with the trade-winds.

Sir Paul. Winds that are fair for every corner of the globe; but no argument, it's a mere heated vehicle for pride, prejudice, and invective, and irritates the system. My lady's hot fits at breakfast throw me into a fever the rest of the day, and in her stage-pitch, as she calls it, 'gad it has almost crack'd my tympanum.

Lord

Lord Vis. Sir Paul, she is right; you are the mere drudge of a distemper'd imagination.

Sir Paul. I am not distemper'd with physiognomy like you, at least, my lord: I don't trot about, picking up hooknos'd Cæsars, wry-necked Alexanders, and pick-pockets for peripatetics.

Lord Vis. Gross misrepresentation!

Sir Paul. Why, the very cut of your wig betrays you: exposing your ears, you'll certainly lose them the next hard frost.

Lord Vis. Ridiculous!

Sir Paul. Nay, did not I detect one of your housemaids—a face, you said, innocent and spotless as a vestal—did not I detect her breaking her vow with one of the postillions? Did you not marry your wife for her physiognomy? Was not that a trick of your favourite science?

Lord Vis. A trick indeed; but I was then a novice, and have long since forgiven it.

Sir Paul. Aye, because she is gone. I trust I have a due portion of the milk of human nature; but I own I feel myself unequal to such an exertion.

Lord Vis. Why, I suppose now you'll hardly believe there is a conspiracy in agitation against you at this moment?

Sir Paul. Eh! how! a conspiracy against me?

Lord Vis. Yes, by your own servants; cook, coachman, and butler. You have certainly some secret enemy; do you recollect?

Sir Paul. Not I; except, indeed, a cursed contested election my lady would thrust me into.

Lord Vis. That must be it certainly.

Sir Paul. Well, but pray, for heaven's sake, proceed.

Lord Vis. I am as yet wavering, between the chin of the coachman, the brow of the butler, and the nose of the cook; whether the coachman is to break

D

your

your neck by overturning the carriage: a good way that enough.

Sir Paul. A good way, do you call it.

Lord Vis. Or the butler poison you in your wine. — Did you never observe what a treacherous ghastly grin he has? — That, you see, would be better, as it might be managed so as to escape detection.

Sir Paul. Zounds! I never put wine to my lips but of my own brewing for fear of the merchants, and this fellow will make me an accessory to my own destruction.

Lord Vis. But the cook.

Sir Paul. Aye, the cook: what an infernal combination.

Lord Vis. He has a luminous nose that cook.

Sir Paul. Luminous! the drunken scoundrel fired the house not a month since.

Lord Vis. Fired your house! There, now, there. — Will you deny physiognomy now? Will you not read Lavater now? — I saw the fire in the fellow's nose; a very *Ætna* of combustion.

Enter Tony.

Tony. Miss Evelyn is in the parlour, my lord. (*To Lord Visage.*)

Lord Vis. I'll go to her immediately. (*Going.*)

Tony. What's the matter, your honour? (*To Sir Paul.*)

Sir Paul. A conspiracy's the matter! Every soul in the family is in a conspiracy! all nature is in a conspiracy! — Stay, stay, my lord; what the devil am I to do? — Zounds! don't leave me.

Lord Vis. Why, for the present, Sir Paul, I know not how to advise; but in future —

Sir Paul. Eh, how! well, what?

Lord Vis. You had their characters from some reputable house-keeper, no doubt?

Sir Paul. To be sure.

Lord

Lord Vis. Now I look for character in the countenance.—Read Lavater,—Sir Paul,—read Lavater;—I should never sleep peaceably in my bed, if I had not read Lavater.— [Exit.

Tony. Are you unwell,—Sir?

Sir Paul. Unwell!—why, do I look unwell? Gad, I may be poisoned already!—Zounds, I shall never sleep again—Tony—I begin to suspect him—harkee, tell the coachman I shall not want the carriage these six months;—the butler, I drink no more wine;—and the cook, don't forget to tell the cook—that I have sent for a fire-escape from the man in Mortimer-street—and, from henceforth, I constitute you my taster.— [Exit.

SCENE—a Drawing Room.

Lady Panick—and Montague—(seated.)

Mont. I may flatter myself then, your Ladyship will interest yourself with Miss Evelyn in my favour?

Lady Panick. Most assuredly, Sir Harry; is your family inform'd of your intentions?

Mont. Not yet,—and unless your better judgment thinks otherwise—I do not mean they should; I must own myself a little eccentric—the tumult and disorder of a public marriage is, in my humble opinion, ill suited to the solemnity of the occasion.

Lady Panick. Bless me, Sir Harry,—you have surely read my last new novel—my sentiment, as I live!

Mont. I should never forgive myself if I had delay'd it an instant—my Lady.

Lady Panick. I thought so: well, one likes to be quoted by people of discernment—that is a vanity I confess myself open to; the thought struck you.

Mont. Then so skilfully introduced.

Lady Panick. Indeed you delight me—I don't recollect.

Mont. Nor I, upon my soul—(Aside.)

Lady Panick. Do you?

Mont. To be sure—oh yes—hem;—the first volume; let me see—no—stay—yes; really so many beauties force themselves on my recollection,—that I can give utterance to none.

Lady Panick. I have it—to develop the character of the heroine, whose exquisite feelings cannot be brought to comprehend—how any woman of common delicacy can submit to the indecorum of premeditated marriage;—and so I make her elope with her father's footman;—then follows a description of the family in all the eloquence of woe; the silent despair of the Mother;—the impetuous ravings of the Father; the Uncle forgetting his gout;—no, stay—the Father—the Uncle—I protest, Sir Harry, I don't recollect which has the gout.

Mont. It is very odd—that I cannot recollect which has the gout either.

Lady Panick. Never mind,—you must know I am an humble votary of Thalia's too—and have projected a Comedy and Fête—and sent for Grottesque to superintend it; do you know him?

Mont. The Caricaturist?—by reputation.

Lady Panick. Now, if you would condescend to take a part.

Mont. Highly flattered, my dear madam.

Lady Panick. You have probably been in the habit of personating different characters.

Mont. (Coughs.) Without vanity, I may say I have.

Lady Panick. And without a compliment, no one seems better qualified; as one only writes now for the performer;—have you a preference for any ludicrous situation, or particular cast?

Mont. By no means;—there is one indeed I should be loath to undertake, I mean that designing specious character—which I am at a loss to conceive how any man of tolerable sentiment can reconcile himself to personate for an instant.

Lady Panick. Such a character, with common discernment, I could never have thought of for you;—but as there
are

are these wretches in the world—why, we must have them on the stage;—your friend Captain Montague now might not feel the objection.

Mont. I dare say not; he is the best fellow in the world—and happily not teased with these refinements—which are indeed ridiculous and inconvenient.

Lady Panick. Might be so in him, perhaps—without any disparagement, for you know we must have good sort of people in the world, and I am sure I think them extremely respectable in their way.

Mont. Indeed, I must particularly request—my proposals for Miss Evelyn may be kept secret from him—such sort of people have an officiousness on these occasions, which they qualify with some specious name—and I have other reasons.

Lady Panick. Ah—I can easily conceive them.

Mont. I hope not!—(*Aside.*)

Enter Tony.

Tony. Mr. Grotesque is arrived, my Lady.

Mont. I beg he may be shewn up.—[*Exit Tony.*]
—Has your Ladyship opened the subject to Miss Evelyn?

Lady Panick. Not yet—but I have no doubt of her consent;—Oh, here is Grotesque.—

Enter Grotesque.

Grot. Your Ladyship's most devoted.—Sir—yours—something wanted in my way—may flatter myself, Grotesque is your man, from the broad high-road of Caricature, to the delicate paths of modest Mezzotint.—Has your Ladyship any particular friend whom one constantly endeavours to render completely ridiculous.—Privilege of friendship that you know—or you, Sir—the outline will do;—set but our heads to work—a bare hint, and we have him—pen or pencil—all one to me;—write him down—or do him up—never known to flinch.

Mont.

Mont. You have, no doubt, some arrangements to make—give me leave to retire.—I shall not apologize for my precipitation in this affair, since it flatters me with the prospect of being allied to your Ladyship.

Lady Panick. You know, Sir Harry, I am all yours.—*(Exit Montague.)*—And now, Grotesque, what have you brought me in my way?—I am all impatience.

Grot. Are we snug? Your Ladyship, you know, in the true pride of genius strikes at universality—from her lofty flights to her faint sketches—here they are—here they are:—the skeleton of an epic poem—sublimity and expansion;—six acrostics—quaint and pretty;—a set of impromptus—written with such exquisite judgment—and admirable pliancy—that they may be thrown in *ad libitum*—and last, not least, the Comedy.

Lady Panick. But, are we sure of our man?—He will not peach;—my dear Grotesque, what would become of me if he was to peach?—indeed, the materials were mine—you know—though I would not submit to the drudgery of putting them together.

Grot. Peach! Why, he is my head-hack;—to say the truth, the dog is troublesome enough at times;—your Poet is an animal, wants a plaguy deal of training, before he is fit for work.—I was obliged to keep him on strict regimen, and short allowance—till these were done;—if your men of genius were not troubled with the physical incumbrances of hunger and thirst,—there would be no taming them to answer the sober purposes of life;—but as they must eat—though now and then a little restive;—upon the whole, they take to the harness kindly enough;—this is a prime fellow;—and as much given to eating and drinking as we could wish him.

Lady Panick. Yes, but unluckily his wife is prolific as his muse; and I am obliged to answer for the labours of both;—really, it is a sad blot in the animal œconomy,—such offices should be left to those who are fit for nothing else;—have you no others?

Grot.

Grot. A dozen in full pay, besides valets and kept mistresses to furnish materials. They are the channels for a choice hit or secret anecdote—not a house in town but by the help of my correspondence I could tell a tale—most of my practice lies in that line, though I must own our best hits flow chiefly from themselves. You are never in a family party half an hour, before you have all their faults in the choice-colouring of their own pencils—who would have thought his Grace more than round-shouldered—but for the Duchess's intemperate raillery against humps—the baldness of Lord Scratch could never be suspected, but for his Lady's Philippics against wigs—and Sir Jerry's gout would escape the nicest observer, but for the good wife's crushing most affectionately the afflicted toe, and hoping she trod on the sound foot.

Enter Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. A devilish shrewd observation that, Grottesque.

Grot. I am glad you like it, Sir Paul. I have your striking trait—some thoughts of hitching you into my next groupe.

Sir Paul. Hitch me into a groupe!

Lady Panick. Indeed, my dear, I really think if Grottesque was to manage it properly, I should have no objection; and I dare say you might depend on him—Might he not, Grottesque?

Grot. Certainly, my Lady—the best creature breathing, though I say it. T'other day, Pearl the Dentist, who had been regularly overturn'd, plundered, fired at in every daily paper, quitted the hackneyed beaten track, applied to me, and I *caricatured* him into full practice before the end of the month—nothing done without it—the sure road to notoriety.

Sir Paul. Zounds, firrah, notoriety! it's the business of my life to avoid it; and do you hear, the pictures—

(*Enter*

(*Enter Lord Visage*)—would you believe it, my Lord, this fellow had the insolence to order away all the family pictures?

Grot. Troublesome legacies, Sir Paul—scarce know what they are fit for—spoil furniture in a drawing-room, and digestion in an eating-parlour. Last week one of the new knights gave a ball—Rust of the old school—not yet polished to the elegant refinements of our's—the wainscots were lined with family lumber. When in the middle of a dance, after shaking their musty frames in unison for a full hour, down from their perches plump'd the whole groupe, and old aunts, great-uncles, and courtesy-cousins, figured in with their discomfited posterity. Next morning I was sent for.

Lady Panick. And how did you dispose of them?

Grot. I furnished the pantry with common-councilmen, generals did duty in the hall, and the genius's of the family I consigned to the congenial sublimity of the garret.

Lord Vis. I don't know what to make of that fellow. He has as many faces as professions—(*aside.*)—I have left Sir Harry with Constance, (*Grotesque retires to the back of the stage,*) but must own there was a reserve in her manner.

Sir Paul. So I told my Lady.

Lady Panick. Pshaw—'tis precisely as I play Juliet in the garden scene—a new reading.

Lord Vis. Aye, there it is; why the devil should you play Juliet?

Lady Panick. Why?

Sir Paul. Aye why, my Lady?

Lord Vis. When you was born for burlesque.

Lady Panick. Eh! how? I born for burlesque.

Lord Vis. Read Lavater—every feature is ludicrous—there is risible rotundity in your nose—a whimsical leer in your eye.

Lady Panick. I tell you, my Lord, there is nothing risible or whimsical about me.

Lord Vis. And I tell you, there is the whole *vis comica* pourtrayed in your countenance—Momus presided at your birth—and if the truth was known, I have not a doubt but you came into the world in a broad grin. Then there is Sir Paul—he must play Comedy forth.

Lady Panick. Aye, so I have told him; those croaking tones of his are in nice unison with the sprightly levity of Comedy.

Lord Vis. There is indeed a tragical expression in his countenance.

Lady Panick. Yes; he has a fine choleric complexion.

Lord Vis. Read Lavater, Sir Paul; read Lavater.

Grot. I have just published a new edition, pared down to a brace of quarto's.

Lord Vis. Eh! what? I perceived something scientific floating in your eye, though I could not exactly tell what. Where is it? Have you a copy with you?

Grot. Never travel without one, my Lord.

Lord Vis. Bring it to my study instantly—a new edition, and I not see it! Why, I have a Scale of Proportion, from Genius to Idiotism, just ready for the press myself:—and have all my tenants' children in training; for as intellect depends solely on the due expansion of the forehead, were the parts skilfully braced as they unfold themselves in infancy, I have not a doubt but the skull of an Esquimaux might be compressed into the head of a Newton. Come along. [Exit.

Grot. You had better be advised, Sir Paul. I have a snug niche between a new Peer and a superannuated Baronet, which as a friend I have kept for you. Besides, you cannot escape—you are a marked man.

Sir Paul. A marked man!

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Grot.

Grot. Yes, Sir, half the Caricaturists in town have sworn to have you—your time is come—you're a marked man, you are indeed—remember, I tell you, you are what we call a marked man. [Exit.

(*Lady Panick laughs very loud at Sir Paul.*)

Sir Paul. The fellow is right. Whenever a man is laughed at, his family are sure to take the lead in a horse-roar. Ha! ha! (*mimicking her.*)

Lady Panick. Bless me, Sir Paul; Grotesque, you know, is one of those people who are allowed to say any thing; and is it not all in friendship?

Sir Paul. 'Gad, I believe you sent for him on purpose. To be sure I have no right to complain—as when your Ladyship's Comedy was damned, I took care to be the first to bring you the news. (*Lady Panick walks off.*) A marked man? Zounds! I shall be common food for public ridicule—sliced and dished out for every gaper's palate.—The rascal—I'll turn him out of the house;—no—I'll after and buy him off instantly. [Exit.

A C T III.

SCENE. *A Drawing Room.*

Enter Lady Panick, following Constance.

Lady Panick.

REFUSE Sir Harry Cecil! Was ever any thing so strange—I tell you he has every requisite for a good husband.

Const.

Const. A good husband, my dear Madam, is the most awkward animal alive ; and nothing but the rarity of the creature prevents his being hunted from the higher class of social beings.

Lady Panick. What then, good qualities are no recommendation ?

Const. Faults would be a much pleasanter ; for if we must go astray, we are obliged to the man who swerves first, and civilly furnishes us an' excuse ; but Perfection is an impertinent unnatural monster, rearing its lofty insolent crest above the crowd, and making pigmies of us simple mortals. I have no taste for the sublime in a husband—give me the Man with a few foibles, which, like Moles in a beautiful Countenance, serve but to heighten it's charms.

Lady Panick. Sir Harry is indeed sentimental, but——

Const. Sentimental, my Lady, and is not that enough ? While I am flirting with a few harmless insects of the hour abroad, he would expect to be indulged with a solemn tête-à-tête at home. I should sicken on his sentiment—my gaiety would give him the spleen—indifference, perhaps disgust, succeeds to passion—the mask is soon thrown off—he flies to Newmarket—I to Pharo—'till stopped in our career, we awake, bankrupt in fortune, friends, and fame—But to be serious—I am yet trembling at my late escape from Mr. Visage, and begin to think all marriages more or less unhappy. If you, Madam, for instance, with your refined taste and elegant accomplishments, cannot command happiness, what am I to expect ?

Lady Panick. Why now, Constance, you are rational again. But Sir Paul, my dear, sees not with your eyes—nor indeed those of the world.

Const. No, my Lady, he sees with those of a husband—precisely the scrutiny I wish to avoid.

Lady Panick. But we are very far from living unhappily together; 'twas but the other day how vastly well we agreed——let me see, I do not recollect——but here comes Sir Paul, I will ask him; I cannot exactly specify when——

Enter Sir Paul.

Const. On my life, nor he either.

Lady Pan. I have been combating, my dear Sir Paul, this strange whim of Constance's. Can any thing be so unaccountable as her taking an aversion to matrimony? an eye-witness to our happiness.

Sir Paul, (after a pause.) An eye-witness to our happiness!——Oh, your ladyship is at a rehearsal. (*Going.*)

Lady Pan. At a rehearsal indeed! I am speaking of ourselves, that sweet union fostered by the numberless little attentions which flow from the heart, and are only felt by a kindred soul.

Const. That soft delicious calm, far more sweetly soothing than the tumult of pleasure, or——

Sir Paul. Upon my soul, ladies, I want my cue.

Both. How!

Sir Paul. I tell you I never read the piece——You cannot expect me to reply from the book.

Lady Pan. I tell you, Sir Paul, Constance has promised to give her hand to Sir Harry Cecil, if——

Const. Nay, not quite that; but I believe I may venture if you, Sir Paul, and you, my lady, will pronounce audibly and distinctly, as when, "I Paul take thee, &c." that you have lived, and do live happily together.

Sir Paul. Oh! that is quite a different case. With all my heart.

Lady Pan. There—I knew he would most readily——Why, my dear, she has objected to their diversity of temper.

Sir Paul. Oh fie, child! why, diversity of temper in the married state, like discords in music, completes the harmony;

harmony ; or, as different shades in the same picture, relieve each other with mutual advantage ; or as —

Const. Stay, stay, I insist on the proper forms, and publishing the banns myself—you must repeat after me—*(joining their hands, and placing herself between them)* I do declare—*(they repeat after Constance.)*

Sir Paul. } I do declare——

Lady Panick. } I do declare——

Const. That Sir Paul and I—*(to Lady Panick.)*

Lady Panick, (repeats.) That Sir Paul and I——

Const. That my lady and I—*(to Sir Paul.)*

Sir Paul, (repeats.) That my lady and I——

Const. Have lived and do live——

Both. Have lived and do live — Go on, Constance.

Const. Most happily together—*(They stop—after a pause, she taps Sir Paul.)* Come, Sir Paul—*(She taps Lady Panick)* Come, my lady—*(Then Sir Paul again.)* Come, my dear guardian, out with it.

Lady Panick, (with vehemence.) Why don't you speak, Sir Paul ?

Sir Paul. A plague of superlatives ! at that “most,” the tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth, and for the soul of me——

Lady Panick. Oh ! no apologies——the bare attempt at uttering it almost throttled me.

Sir Paul. Besides, there was so much solemnity in the business, it oppressed me with the recollection of a certain ceremony.

Lady Panick. Oppressed ! the girl is right——the grossness of your behaviour——*(walks about.)*

Const. These are, I suppose, some of the numberless little attentions which flow from the heart, and are only felt by a kindred soul.

Sir Paul. 'Tis not, to be sure, that sweet delicious calm——

Const. No, my dear sir, 'tis only that diversity of temper, which, as you have just been saying, in the marriage state, like discords in music, completes the harmony ; *(Sir*

Paul *walks about*) or as different shades in the same picture, relieve each other to mutual advantage. Ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Lady Panick. Nay, save me from the horrors of a tête-à-tête with Sir Paul. [*Running after her.*

Sir Paul. Chirping to me of a union of hearts and domestic happiness, is as great a treat as the ordinary's sermon to a condemn'd convict. [*Exit.*

SCENE. *A Library.*

Enter Grotelque introduced by Tony.

Grot. Certainly some pretty picking here; this my lady is finely ridiculous, her husband as miserable as one could wish, my lord bit by Physiognomy, and the whole family comfortably confused—if I could but squeeze out something, they would tell well on canvas: eh! there is the country booby; Tony, Tony! hift! hift! you are an honest fellow, Tony, I like that face of your's.

Tony. Yes, its likely enough; hi, hi!

Grot. Strange family this! queer doings, eh?

Tony. The grey mare; hi, hi!

Grot. Ha, ha! you shall drink to her reformation.

[*Gives money.*

Tony. With all my heart, I will drink to any body's reformation, as a good christian ought, tho' I say it—poor Sir Paul—

[*Taps his forehead.*

Grot. Has it there. Take a chair, my dear Tony, here, take a chair. (*Sits beside him.*) I see you have a proper sense of those things; I thought so. She is domestic in her attachments perhaps—fashionably *domestic*—you take me. I met a glorious fellow on the stairs, full six foot without his shoes.

Tony. Aye, he'll go through his paces in a procession, like any player-man; then to be sure my lady taught him, they have rehearsed together.

Grot. Rehearsed together, ha! ha!

Tony. Ha! ha! but he got so terrible tipsey with a bowl of

of our tragical poison the other night, that she was for turning him out directly.

Grot. You are sure it was my lady (*Tony nods*); how curfedly unlucky; the finest figure for a back ground; such capability, I could not desire a better; but proceed.

Tony. Why, what do you think?

Grot. Well!

Tony. They have not seen the inside of a church these six months.

Grot. Pshaw! that a peculiarity—you have some tight clever hint.

Tony. What, of my lady? Yes, yes.

Grot. Out with it.

Tony. You will hardly believe me.

Grot. What, it's rich, is it! choice, eh! *Tony.*

Tony. I am not quite sure, but I would swear it.

Grot. Positive evidence, eh? demonstration. Now be particular, my dear boy, be particular.

Tony. Why, to be sure my lady is what you call a *modi-
gious illiterate* character, but for all that, I really believe—

Grot. Out with it, out with it.

Tony. I don't think she could say her catechiz, for—

Grot. Pshaw! stupid, illiterate scoundrel. Come, come, you have some choice stuff in store, let us have it, we are all on honor—fixed prices on the most liberal scale.

Enter Lord Visage, with a box.

Lord Vis. Scale! aye here it is (*Shewing the box*); some men will be disposed to sneer at this, call it credulity—Pitiful resource! let them read, let them read.

Grot. It is always so at first, my lord, the Science is yet in infancy; but instead of youth boarded and educated, we shall see pasted up in capitals, Skulls trained to any capacity; have licensed professors, and courts of ease to our two universities. In the mean time, suppose we try it on him.

Lord Vis. With all my heart.

Grot.

Grot. Sit down, Tony, sit down; keep that attitude; for your life, don't shake a muscle.

Lord Vis. You see, Tony, I have distinguished you as a fit subject for philosophical research——To destroy one or two prominent features in a countenance, then to compare its expression in that mangled state, with what it was in the natural, would be a fine experiment.

Grot. Fine indeed! what say you, Tony? the deed is reserved for you.

Lord Vis. Democritus put out his eyes for the advancement of science.

Tony. Yes, my lord, but somehow I don't think I could do so well without mine.

Grot. Pr'ythee throw away these vulgar prejudices; what are eyes to the light of philosophy. (*Lord Visage taking Grotesque to the front of the stage, Tony steals off.*)

Lord Vis. Did you observe what a judicious hind-head? very extraordinary, as he is certainly a sad stupid dog, and has scarcely a grain of common sense.

Grot. Yes he may, my lord, yes he may; but it's lodged in the hind-head you know; and I have known many a great man's that no doubt has lain there too——very close and snug, for it has never been brought forward——eh! is he gone? I shall be proud to notice it, my lord, in my next edition.

Lord Vis. You shall, you shall, and set my name down for a dozen copies; or if you want a specimen, my head is at your service whenever you please, or command me in any way.

Grot. Your lordship is so good! if I might presume to——I have a little bill here drawn on your nephew, and return'd protested. [Giving it from his pocket-book.

Lord Vis. Eh! there is no end of his extravagance; how came you by it?

Grot. In the way of business, my lord, had it of lord Crack.

Lord Vis. Why, it is drawn by one Montague——

—*Grot.*

Grot. Yes, a *Captain* Montague; but his company is in a very newly-raised regiment I believe, for I have never been able to find him.

Lord Vis. He is in the house now, nay, he is here; stay, let me inquire.

Enter Sir Harry Cecil.

Pray, sir, do you know my nephew?

Sir Harry. I have not that honor indeed, my Lord.

Lord Vis. I tell you, Sir, you have; what do you mean by denying it? here it is in proof against you, black and white.

Sir Harry. 'Sdeath! here is some infernal scrape of Montague's now. [*Aside.*]

Lord Vis. Why, you look confused; here it is, drawn by Montague—will you deny your own hand-writing? or your name? You are not Captain Montague perhaps—I dare say he will deny his name.

Grot. A common trick with these fellows. (*Aside to Lord Visage.*)

Sir Harry. I may have drawn it, but indeed it had escaped my memory; however, if the bill is protested, I am ready to pay it.—What a cursed situation! (*Aside.*)

Grot. I beg ten thousand pardons, 'tis only for fifty pounds; I'll write a receipt instantly; always stamps about me. (*Goes to the table to write.*)

Lord Vis. What was it for, Sir? can you charge your memory with that?

Sir Harry. Not the most distant recollection indeed, my Lord.

Lord Vis. I'll tell you, Sir—'twas a gambling transaction, I know it was; 'tis you who have seduced my nephew; I can read gambler in your Countenance.

Sir Harry. It is a Cross-reading then, my Lord, I assure you.

Lord Vis. You smile, Sir; you are witty, Sir; but I have detected and will expose you to the whole family; you

shall not stay in the house another hour—don't think to hector me, Captain Montague.

Sir Harry. Hold, my Lord—

Grot. Here, here, Sir, is the receipt.

Lord Vis. No, I shall keep the bill in evidence against him; there is knavery in the hand-writing.

Grot. You may let him pay it, and do that too, my Lord.

Lord Vis. What a treacherous blackness between the eyes! as Lavater says—that disturbed walk—that twirling of the hat—that biting of the nails—Grottesque, don't you see villain panting in that muscle?

Sir Harry. That muscle lies then, my Lord.

Lord Vis. Here's a fellow! a muscle lie! why it is impossible: read Lavater.

Sir Harry. (*After a pause of agitation.*) My Lord, the consciousness that I ought to do penance for my egregious folly and indiscretion, smothered every feeling of resentment.

[*Exit.*]

Lord Vis. There, he has confessed it. Grottesque, did you observe a vile deficiency of projection in the forehead? then, the pouting of his under-lip!—I never yet saw that lip honest.

[*Exit.*]

Grot. But, my Lord, you might as well have suffered him to pay the bill.

[*Exit after him.*]

SCENE. *The Country near Sir Paul's Seat. A Cottage at the side of the stage.*

Enter Sir Paul and Constance.

Sir Paul. I tell you, Constance, you shall drag me into no more of your hovels—you'll corrupt the morals of the whole village, lavishing your money on people nobody knows. Did you ever see me do such a thing?

Const. Ah, Sir, yours is a common-place charity, that only gives when asked—and has no more right to complain the object is undeserving, than a man who buys a chance lot of pictures, that they are not all original. If you wish

that

that your benevolence should never be misapplied, you must search out the gloomy retreat of indigence—The heart of a true-born Englishman, like the sensitive plant, shrinks from the hand that would support it; he must be won, courted, nay cheated into relief; and the cloud of his distress is as difficult to penetrate and disperse, as the fogs and mists of his climate.

Sir Paul. Don't tell me, child; the very atmosphere of the capital is infected with the foul air of so many hospitals, and I never turn a corner but I jostle a dispensary patient.

Const. Ostentation! modern receipts to get a name.

Sir Paul. Receipts to get a name? Come, come, fair play. Every paper is crowded with charitable subscriptions, and I never read one, that an honest X. Y. or philanthropic A. B. does not stare me in the face.

Const. But does not the next column introduce an X. Y. usurer, or A. B. mountebank?—Oh, there should be another language, another alphabet for vice and virtue; speech is but a paltry distinction of natures, since it is common to the villain and the honest man.

Sir Paul. It may be a paltry, but, egad! 'tis a very convenient one, though.

Enter Tony.

Tony. (*Aside to Sir Paul.*) Sir, sir, Mr. Grotesque has just left his Lordship's study, and you'll be sure to find him in his painting room, if you go directly.

Sir Paul. I will, I will: hush, hush! [*Exit Tony.*]

Const. There, Sir, is the cottage I told you of; be persuaded.

Sir Paul. Well, well, another time; but you see I am sent for.

Const. His daughter, poor fellow, has a little taste for drawing. Come, you shall be immortaliz'd; she shall take you doing a benevolent action.

Sir Paul. Why, as to that sort of immortality, I must

own I was always rather indifferent about it; for though very delightful and animating in description, I cannot help thinking it is dismally flat, and unprofitable to the possessors. [Exit,

Enter Lucy in great haste.

Lucy. Oh Lord, ma'am, I have been hunting you every where! Captain Montague, ma'am——Captain Montague is just gone into the drawing-room.

Const. Well, child——heigh-ho——and what is that to me?

Lucy. Nothing, to be sure, ma'am; only I thought you might wish to speak to him, for I am sure he has been talking enough of you.

Const. Of me, Lucy!

Lucy. Yes, ma'am; but, as I told him——Law, Sir, how could you expect, if my mistress lov'd you ever so much, that she could refuse a man with such a power of money? and says I, I believe she has a sort of sneaking kindness for you.

Const. Lucy!

Lucy. Indeed, ma'am, I only told him so to comfort him, as you was going to marry somebody else; and then, poor gentleman, he had been so abused by Lord Visage.

Const. How, Lucy! what do you mean?

Lucy. Why, ma'am, as I pass'd the study, they were at such high words——I made bold to listen, to prevent mischief——you know one ought always to do that——*(Constance going to interrupt)* Pray, ma'am, don't be angry; indeed I could not help it——when I heard his Lordship say, he should be turned out of the house directly.

Const. How you alarm me! on what account did you hear that?

Lucy. Why, ma'am, there was such a to-do, I could not exactly make it out; but it was about a bill for fifty pounds; and then I heard the word protested several times.

times. I suppose the Captain *protested* he could not pay it; yes, that must be it—and so he was asking time; but his Lordship was furious, and talk'd of exposing him to the family directly.

Const. What do I hear! This suspense is insupportable. My life on his honour! What if—I'll do it instantly. Here, Lucy, take this; (*Gives a purse.*) it is for the family in that cottage: I did think of giving it myself, but there is an oppressive eloquence in their gratitude. (*Exit Lucy into the cottage.*) Is that my reason? Ah, Constance, thou art a woman, and in love! [*Exit.*]

A C T IV.

SCENE. Constance's Dressing-Room.

Constance at a table, sealing a letter.

Constance.

THANKS to my penmanship—I may bid defiance to detection: it is as pretty a clerkly hand as I could wish—though Lucy was so sparing in her intelligence, that I have been not a little puzzled. The post is just come in, and I shall scarce have time to slip it among his letters from London. Ah, Montague!—Hold, hold, Constance! what art thou doing? Defiance to detection! and will that satisfy thee? If I was a man, would he not have claims on my assistance? and shall a woman be excluded the dearest privilege of human nature? Oh, no: my heart acquits me. All else is but specious refinement, that would sacrifice the noblest emotions of the soul to an idle distinction. [*Exit.*]

SCENE.

SCENE. *A Room.**Enter Montague.*

Mont. 'Sdeath! this Constance is the coyest prude—
Lord Visage—confusion! It has been my business to
avoid him, and I have just run in his teeth. If he should
discover me now!—he knew the Cecils—

Enter Lord Visage.

Lord Vis. Sir Harry Cecil! the very man I was in
search of.—I wish much to have some conversation with
you: take a chair. (*They sit.*)

Mont. The devil you do! (*Aside.*)

Lord Vis. I had a great respect for your father.

Mont. You did him honour, my Lord.—Now will
some cursed questions go near to do me up. (*Aside.*)

Lord Vis. Aye, there is the character of the Cecils in
your countenance.

Mont. You are too good, my Lord. I fear not.

Lord Vis. Yes, there is—the prominent eye—

Mont. You flatter, my Lord—I have not the vanity—

Lord Vis. Then, above all, that curvature of the nose.
My old friend, your father, Sir Harry, had a very pecu-
liar nose.

Mont. Yes, my Lord, I have heard this nose has been
in our family—

Lord Vis. As long as I remember the Cecils,

Mont. If you knew, my Lord, the pleasure you give
me in discovering this likeness—

Lord Vis. Nay, perhaps it is not in the stronger fea-
tures, but those nice points—

Mont. One would not degenerate; and to have it con-
firm'd by so able a connoisseur as your Lordship—

Lord Vis. Why, I have given these things some atten-
tion, and may flatter myself with possessing a tolerably
keen eye.

Mont. There is no doubting it, my Lord.

Lord Vis. I am glad you think so, as I have rather an awkward affair to open to you—Be seated—That friend of yours—that Captain Montague—

Mont. What of him, my Lord?

Lord Vis. He is a damn'd scoundrel, that Captain Montague; I have traced it.

Mont. Traced it!—Oh! why to be sure his *face* is rather against him; but his heart—

Lord Vis. Is a villain's. Read that. (*Gives him the bill.*)

Mont. Confusion! a bill drawn by me on his nephew. (*Aside.*)

Lord Vis. My nephew lost it to him at play.—I see you are cruelly affected, and I like you the better.

Mont. This bill must be a forgery, my Lord—a vile artifice to blacken his reputation.

Lord Vis. How amiable is that suspicion!—How it heightens you in my esteem.

Mont. I'll pledge my life on the honour of my friend. Montague touch a card!—never.

Lord Vis. That such friendship should be so betray'd! He confessed it.

Mont. Confessed it! You astonish me; it cannot be.

Lord Vis. Nay, you shall confront him. Come with me.

Mont. No, my Lord, by no means; it would be too much for me.

Lord Vis. I really believe you could not have felt more if you had done it yourself.

Mont. Believe me, I could not.

Lord Vis. We will expose him to the family immediately.

Mont. No, not *immediately*. Suppose you was to give me the bill, my Lord.

Lord Vis. Why so, Sir Harry?

Mont. I will charge him with it in private. I own the weakness.

weakness. As he was once my friend, I cannot help wishing, that some delicacy should be preserv'd towards him.

Lord Vis. Come to my arms!—But I expected it.—There is an honest frankness, an unsuspecting philanthropy, breathes in every feature. But, Sir Harry, indeed you must be cautious; that noble spirit of yours will be perpetually betraying you.

Mont. How is it possible to avoid it, my Lord? except at the expence of every honest sentiment.

Lord Vis. How! my dear Sir Harry? how?—read Lavater. You may depend on my secrecy; but if you wish for infallibility, read Lavater. I myself should be deceived every instant if I had not read Lavater. [*Exit.*]

Mont. 'Sdeath! how unlucky that this bill should have fallen into his hands.

Enter Harriet.

So, are you come? I wish you joy—We may strike.

Har. How?

Mont. This is your delicacy—You must have time, forsooth, and time has discover'd us. Read that. (*Gives the bill.*) His Lordship has charged Cecil with having won it of his nephew at play.

Har. My delicacy, indeed!—It is the fruit of your licentious conduct. I wonder Sir Harry, with all his simplicity, could for an instant be the dupe of your professions, and a stranger to your real character.

Mont. I wonder Sir Harry, with all his simplicity, could for an instant be dup'd into thinking of you. What have you done with him?

Har. Kept him from Constance;—have you any hopes of her?

Mont. Hopes of her! is she not a woman? But I am prating on the verge of ruin;—you should have had him on his knees ere this.

Har.

Har. You are so precipitate—and make no allowances for the elegant refinements of our sex.

Mont. Something must be done immediately.—(*A Servant enters abruptly with a letter.*)—How now, Sir! what do you want?

Serv. I beg pardon, Sir, but the post is just come in, and here is a letter for Captain Montague—I thought he had been here.—

Mont. A letter by the post!—tell him you gave it me.—*[Exit Servant.]*—Why, this must be for me;—and yet, I thought our retreat tolerably secret—Eh! a draught for 50 l.—*[Reads.]*—“Sir, I have just heard my bill was “protested—and unable to write myself, a friend has “kindly undertaken to enclose the amount.—Yours, “&c.”—This is the luckiest hit—I have it, my girl—I have it,—wish me joy,—wish yourself joy;—take the bill and pay it.

Har. Why, surely your head is turned;—I have no money.

Mont. But here is some—just in the nick.

Har. And for what purpose?

Mont. Why, these elegant refinements have strangely blunted your wit; what will his romantic brain think of the girl who generously sacrifices her scanty pittance to relieve him from pecuniary embarrassment?—why, it is the very secret of his conduct.

Har. I begin to see it now.

Mont. Indeed! I congratulate you.

Har. And I bow with all due humility.

Mont. But, Harriet,—you may as well give up the promise, now that we tread on the heels of victory.

Har. No, not till we have joined hands with her.

Mont. Pshaw! why now wait that?

Har. Why not?

Mont. Well, well; fly to Cecil—and deck yourself out in the true pathetic—there is not a moment to be lost; I must avoid him—for though he will not scruple to take

every advantage of my name, I have not a doubt but his sense of honour is too keen to allow me the same privilege. — [Exeunt.]

SCENE. *A Room.*

Lady Panick at a Table, writing.

Lady Panick. Well, well; my Comedy is cast as I should wish.—Sir Harry is delighted with his character; Constance charmed with hers;—and as Captain Montague has not objected to his——

Enter Sir Harry Cecil.

Oh—here he is!—

Sir Harry. Will your Ladyship have the goodness to excuse my breaking in upon you?—I have a business of some little importance to open;—I know not how to begin (*Aside.*)

Lady Panick. Captain Montague must always be welcome—What can he mean? dissatisfied with his character in the play after all?—(*Aside.*)

Sir Harry. How truly ridiculous will this confession make me.—(*Aside.*)—I have—been—prevailed on—my Lady—to assume—to take—a part.—(*Hesitating.*)

Lady Panick. I thought so;—'tis the way of them all—(*Aside.*)—Yes, Sir,—I know you have—nay, be not surprized!—it was at my particular request you were solicited.

Sir Harry. At your request, my Lady?—Do we understand each other; was the change of characters known to you?

Lady Panick. Do I not tell you the plan was my own?—I proposed it to your friend.

Sir Harry. I am all astonishment!

Lady Panick. And although yours was not quite so respectable as I could have wished, I have no doubt you would render it pleasant and entertaining.

Sir

Sir Harry. 'Sdeath, madam!—do you mean to laugh at me?

Lady Panick. Indeed, Sir, I am serious.

Sir Harry. Confusion! have I then been duped on all sides?—Why, madam!—why was I fixed on as the tool of such a scheme?

Lady Panick. How!

Sir Harry. Why was my reputation to be sacrificed? why was I to figure in so contemptible a plot?

Lady Panick. Contemptible! Sir, I would have you to know it is as excellent a plot as any on the stage;—as finely wrought—and as happily conceived.—(*Sir Harry wishes to interrupt her—she will not suffer him*)—Not, Sir, that this is my opinion—for my part, I think they overrate it—much overrate it;—the thing may have some merit; but they overrate it—at least I think they do;—though, to be sure, the author is the worst judge in the world; and I am not one of those, who prefer their own judgment to that of the soundest critics.

Sir Harry. We are strangely at cross-purposes, my Lady—and if you will allow me—

Lady Panick. Allow you! Oh dear—certainly, Sir, by all means, I like to have every body's opinion, however insignificant.—Moliere read his Comedies to an old woman;—come—ha—ha—you shall be my old woman;—what, not a word!—(*following him round the stage, till they meet Sir Paul.*)—Does it want character? incident? interest? Is not the Dialogue rich, elegant, fanciful.

Enter Sir Paul.

Sir Harry. For heaven's sake, Sir Paul, let me intreat your mediation.—Her Ladyship has most cruelly misunderstood—

Lady Panick. Misunderstood!—Did you not talk, Sir, of a sacrifice of reputation, and a contemptible plot.

Sir Harry. Yes, but it was when I thought you instrumental.

Lady Panick. And so I was;—the sacrifice of reputation would have been on my part, in entrusting you with any character in the piece whatever.

Sir Paul. Contemptible was, to be sure, a harsh word;—but surely, my dear—if the Captain thinks unfavourably of it, and I see no reason to doubt his sincerity, though he may have expressed himself awkwardly, still 'tis an act of friendship—and I am sensible of the obligation, Sir, though her Ladyship is not.

Lady Panick. I see plainly 'tis a combination to insult me.

Sir Harry. Worse and worse!—no such thing, Sir Paul.—Pray, madam, let me intreat you to be calm an instant.

Lady Panick. Calm! why, Sir, have you the assurance to say I am not calm?—was ever any thing so provoking?—Not calm, indeed!—I could cry with vexation.

Sir Harry. Give me but a minute's attention, and I will explain every thing to your satisfaction.

Enter Lord Visage.

Lord Vis. You will explain every thing—eh!—What! you are preparing her Ladyship's mind, are you?—but it will not do, Sir;—I shall not suffer it;—I have promised secrecy for a short time—but one word, and I reveal the whole.

Sir Paul. Secrecy—eh!—how?—what?—I have a horror of secrecy.

Lady Panick. Had he then told you his sentiments?

Lord Vis. No, no; 'tis by his actions I judge—I have it under his own hand.

Lady Panick. What, Sir, have you had the baseness to write?

Lord Vis. And then this countenance—that speaks plainly enough.

Lady Panick. It does indeed—never saw any thing so vacant,

Sir

Sir Harry. My Lord, I must insist on an immediate explanation. — I have been sported with too long.

Lord Vis. Have you the effrontery to call for an explanation? — but you know I have pledged myself to your friend; — what a contrast! his sentiments, how refined and liberal.

Lady Panick. His remarks, how candid and ingenious!

Sir Harry. I shall run distracted! — give me but a hearing.

Lord Vis. No, Sir, my promise is sacred — you shall not provoke me to break it; — come along, my Lady, — come along, Sir Paul.

Lady Panick. Before I go, Sir, I must tell you — that notwithstanding all that has been said in favour of this Comedy, your contempt is the most satisfactory proof I have yet received of its excellence; the most satisfactory! — do you mark me, Sir — I say, the most satisfactory. — [Exit with Lord Visage — (as Sir Paul is following, Sir Harry takes hold of him).]

Sir Harry. From you at least, Sir Paul, I may expect —

Sir Paul. No, Sir, while you kept within decent bounds — I was ready to stand forward — but you have been writing, it seems — nay, do not deny it; — and it's a rule with me to cut any man who writes or caricatures — Genius in any shape; you are never safe in their company; nay, intimacy gives an additional zest — and his friends are sure to be indulged with the preference — [Exit — followed by Sir Harry.]

SCENE. *The Drawing-room, — (Folding Doors at the back of the Stage.)*

Re-enter Sir Harry Cecil.

Sir Harry. Was there ever so infernal a situation? — they will not even listen to me; and every instant of delay, still increases the difficulty. — (*Muses.*)

Enter Harriet.

Har. There he is; I shall muse too—(*Aside*)—See the man I love plunged into a distress I can alleviate, and yet withhold the means.—(*Muses, pretending not to see him.*)

Sir Harry. I must reveal the whole by letter.

Har. Heaven forbid!

Sir Harry. Are you then acquainted with my shame?

Har. Misfortune you mean; I am, and if you can forget the indelicacy of the proposal, in the urgency of the occasion, I will offer a remedy.

Sir Harry. A remedy!

Har. Yes. (*Gives the draught.*) With that (I never knew its value before) you may pay the note, and all be well.

Sir Harry. Generous Harriet!—how can I thank you for this noble conduct?

Har. By secrecy.—An humble outcast, the wretched dependant on another's bounty—What on some situations might reflect lustre—in mine is criminal,

Sir Harry. Criminal!—Who shall dare think so?

Har. If you do not, I am satisfied. The world has long since taught me to despise alike its praise or censure. But, alas! should you —

Sir Harry. Am I then so tenderly remembered in your thoughts? (*As he goes to kiss her hand, enter Constance.*) Constance here?—confusion!

Har. (*In affected confusion.*) Well, Constance, as you are come, we'll e'en let you into our confidence.

Const. Oh, no! by no means—it is quite unnecessary; the situation speaks for itself—Besides, I have one similar for you—my engagements are nearly completed, and Sir Harry's impatience —

Sir Harry. Sir Harry's impatience!

Har. You have then consented.

Const. Not formally.

Har.

Har. Shall I be the messenger? Lady Panick will be delighted.—I would not give her time to cool. (*Aside.*)

Const. I wish you would; and add, that as soon as the writings are ready, I will sign them.

Har. I fly this instant. As Sir Harry is the friend of Captain Montague, I cannot but be interested on the occasion. How unlucky to be obliged to leave them together! yet, if I delay, she may perhaps retract. (*Aside, as she goes off.*)

[*Constance, after a pause, is retiring.*]

Sir Harry. Constance!

Const. (*coldly.*) Sir?

Sir Harry, (*bowing with great respect.*) I beg pardon, Miss Evelyn, my ears surely deceived me: you do not mean Sir Harry Cecil, but Mr. Visage?

Const. Mr. Visage!—You cannot, Sir, be ignorant, that my engagements to him were broke off at his uncle's desire.

Sir Harry. By my soul I was.

Const. Indeed! I do not see how you were interested—

Sir Harry. Not interested!—by every tie of Reason, Honour, L—You must not leave me—I am desperate—Hear, in pity hear me, Constance! though the next instant you should spurn me with contempt. (*Reaches chairs.*)

Const. What can he mean?

Sir Harry. Say that you do not love this man; tell me but that—

Const. Why am I thus questioned?

Sir Harry. 'Tis not for myself I ask—There was a time—but that's no more; the delusive vision is fled.

Const. You have already heard it, Sir—he is the husband of my choice.

Sir Harry. It cannot—must not be.

Const. How! (*Rising.*)

Sir Harry. I know him for a villain! a base, deep, artful villain!—The tale will sure provoke a tear, though
for

for my sorrows. (*She sits again.*) At my good father's death, my young heart still big with woe, I was sent forth into a strange world, my little all, a younger brother's scanty pittance—friendless, forsaken, destitute; no bosom then was open to my tears, no hand stretched forth to dry them; the sneer of contempt, and the snarl of obloquy, pursued each faltering step. But when I succeeded to the title, and—

Const. Title! are you then Sir Harry Cecil?—Gracious heaven! (*With rapture.*)

Sir Harry. I am; these papers will confirm it. (*Gives papers.*)

Const. Proceed, proceed!

Sir Harry. My brother was scarcely cold in his grave, when a whole herd stunned me with congratulation; nay, the very men who had tutor'd their menial servants to insult me, were now my slaves. 'Twas too much. Disgust, suspicion, took possession of my soul, tainted every object, and poisoned every source of bliss. Still, I had a heart alive to soft sensation; warm to wish, yet trembling even at its own wishes. In this state Montague found me, crept into the secret recesses of my soul, and fed its wild suggestions with a fantastic hope, which, in the phrenzy of romance, I hastily pursued.

Const. Hastily pursued! Your engagements to Harriet then are decisive?

Sir Harry. Engagements to Harriet! I know of none. Do you then condescend to take an interest——

Const. An interest!—I must conceal my emotion. (*Aside.*) Alas, alas! that common-sense should have so obscur'd my understanding. Poor simple girl! I never once suspected——so far from keeping pace——The flights of you great souls are above the reach of our humble comprehension; you are certainly a different species——Heaven keep me from intermeddling.

Sir Harry. Madam, madam! I am ill disposed to rail-
lery:

lery: it was my duty to tell you this man is an impostor.

Const. Why was this impostor clothed in every gay allurement to attract the eye? I am a woman, Sir, and own my sex's foible. My heart has fallen a victim to this high-flown scheme; yes, Cecil—has fallen a victim. This fond exultation must betray its secret springs, and---

Sir Harry. Did I hear right? Cecil! did you call me Cecil?

Const. Pshaw! this change of name confuses me: your real situation will soon be made known.

Sir Harry. I would not submit to another instant's delay for-----

Const. But I insist, Sir---I claim it as a right---that the deception be first revealed by me, and not before my union. Nay, do not start! you have, I thank you, given me wherewithal to command your assent.

Sir Harry. Impossible! Can I be accessory to your marriage with a villain?

Const. There, now! I see no villany. While you came in full presumptuous hope, that the transcendent qualities of your superior mind were all-sufficient of themselves to arrogate distinction, his modest diffidence blushed at its pretensions, sought all means to win the notice of the maid he loved—Title, fortune, all the pride and pomp of birth, your vanity disdain'd, he priz'd as gems to court her eye.

Sir Harry. Which, now they are restored to the right owner, serve but to throw the stronger light on his obscurity.

Const. Well, Sir, and what then?

Sir Harry. What then, madam! the influence they gave-----

Const. Has struck, perhaps, too deep for any change of time or circumstance to shake. It is my sex's character, win but our hearts, no matter how, and we are wholly yours. Once touch the tender sensibilities, the warm,

H

empassioned

empassioned feelings that play about our breast, no cold reflection chills the generous enthusiasm: Love reigns supreme!—This, Sir, you might have known, and come an humble suitor for that love; not with an eastern pride, as to a haram. [Exit.

Sir Harry. Constance! Constance!—She is gone:—How truly contemptible do I appear! Harriet too! 'tis plain they all think me under engagements to her, and yet there was an indelicacy in her behaviour when Constance came in, that almost—I dare not think of it. The die is cast! Honour, your impulse shall be obey'd, though by the sacrifice of every future hope. [Exit.

A C T V.

SCENE. *A Room.*

Enter Lord Visage, Montague, and Constance.

Lord Visage.

I TELL you, Constance, this veil of fashion is but a laboured system of the rankest, barefaced falsehood.

Const. What, my Lord! would you be barbarous enough to detect an icy apathy amidst the extasies of your friends at seeing you? an envious sneer in the raptures of congratulation; or the snarl of malignity in a compliment of condolence?

Lord Vis. There it is: an elasticity of feature is substituted for the genuine play of the passions. Is it not, Sir Harry?

Mont. I fear so indeed, my Lord.

Lord Vis. And, even in age, the grimace of fashion is adopted, instead of the smile of nature.

Const.

Const. In age? Pardon me, my Lord; I have seen countenances where Heaven has only used the hand of time to mellow the expression of its own benignity. As for the young, Sir Harry's sources of information are so much more extensive.

Lord Vis. The young? Where will you find them? The distinction is forgot, and this link of the chain lost. Boys and men are the only *dramatis personæ* of the present day; old at twenty, libertines at threescore.

Mont. Old at twenty? Nay, my Lord, modern education trains for the labours of a Hercules.

Lord Vis. While the elegant accomplishments of the gentleman are neglected.

Const. No, no, my Lord; the inventive spirit of the times has contrived to blend the most opposite pursuits. We still read; but letters keep pace with politics. Expedition is the motto of our day; a man of fashion skims over the sciences with the same velocity he drives his phaeton and fix.

Mont. True, madam; the libraries of his ancestors are held in the same mysterious reverence as the groves of the ancient druids: unwieldy folios are left to doze undisturbed on the shelf, while their concentrated essence courts his busy eye in the slim pamphlet or modest duodecimo.—If I can but keep them in the abstract, I shall do.—(*Aside.*)

Const. Nay, nay, to say the truth, I am half a convert to the system myself; for while the grosser particles naturally fall to the bottom for you dull heavy plodders, the light airy ones, cleared of their rubbish, float on the surface for us who flutter round the zenith of polite literature.

Lord Vis. And whose knowledge is a strange olio of superficial——

Const. Nay, nay, my Lord! when a beautiful, well-varied prospect meets the eye, few people trouble themselves with either the depth or goodness of the soil.——

Apropos of prospect, I have heard, Sir Harry, a most delightful description of your seat in Berkshire.

Lord Vis. And a true one. I know it well—a park of how many acres, Sir Harry?

Mont. Why really, my Lord, I cannot exactly charge my memory—so, so—it's a-coming.—(*Aside.*)

Const. Bless me, Berkshire did I say?—I meant Buckinghamshire.

Mont. You said Buckinghamshire, I think—at least I understood Buckinghamshire.

Lord Vis. Natural enough, for you know the Berkshire estate went to a distant part of the family.

Mont. It did so, my Lord.

Const. No wonder you could not charge your memory with that—but of this, no doubt, you are better informed.

Lord Vis. Aye, let us hear of this, Sir Harry; I never was there in my life.

Mont. Then I may venture—(*Aside*)—A tolerably extensive domain—no want of wood or water.

Lord Vis. That is very lucky, as the want of water used to be a general complaint in that country.

Mont. Used to be—you are right, my Lord—but 'tis no longer so now. Art every-where usurps the rights of nature. The canals, you know, my Lord, the canals—

Const. True, Sir Harry, I congratulate you on the great advantage that must thence accrue to your property.

Mont. 'Sdeath, I must talk them dumb—(*Aside*)—The streams of Pactolus have absolutely deluged the country; a noble piece of water meanders at the extremity of the lawn, and loses itself in the thick foliage of a wood, whose shaggy main o'erhangs——

Const. But it's extent, Sir Harry, it's extent?

Mont. Madam—Oh, it's extent—Why really, to say the truth, I leave these things wholly to my steward—an honest fellow, grown grey in the service.

Lord

Lord Vis. Grown grey in the service! Nay, Sir Harry, that cannot be. 'Twas my old friend's pride to be his own steward.

Mont. Was ever fellow so baited?—(*Aside*)—True, my Lord, you are right. I remember he was his own steward—to the estate he lived on.

Const. You don't think one head, my Lord, could be equal to the whole of Sir Harry's immense concerns.

Enter Tony.

Tony. The lawyers are below, my Lord, with the contractions; and Captain Montague has been seeking you every where, Sir,—and desires to see you immediately,—(*to Montague.*)

Lord Vis. Is he not yet gone? Ah, Constance, if you knew the refined delicacy of Sir Harry's behaviour—

Mont. Ah, my Lord, I'll come immediately.

[*Exit Tony.*]

Lord Vis. What diffidence! I remember my promise—but if he stays another hour, it's forfeit. You will find us with the lawyers.

Mont. Every moment's delay cheats me of so much happiness. If his Lordship did not take ten times more pains to deceive himself than I can to deceive him, mine would be but a sorry chance, in spite of the Cecil nose—(*Aside as he goes off.*)

Lord Vis. Constance, how unhacknied he is in these matters; and yet he adores you—never saw the symptoms so strong.

Const. Nor I indeed, my Lord; poor man, his memory seems to fail him. I believe I must put an end to his suit to save his estate. Why he could scarcely recollect in which county it lay.

Lord Vis. There is a compliment!—did I not say he was unhacknied in these matters? Why, in general, the estate is the only thing they do recollect. Oh, I wish *Lavater* could see him!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE.

SCENE. *A Room with Materials for Painting, two side Rooms, and a Closet.*

Grotesque and Lady Panick seated. Grotesque with a Manuscript in his hand.

Lady Panick. And now, Grotesque, I am to enter in boy's clothes.

Grot. Hold, my Lady, I don't think that last exit pointed enough—an exit should always be pointed—I have it—a damme—Your damme is to Comedy, what the glance at the Pit is to Tragedy—but when you print indeed——

Lady Panick. Oh, I'll print it in italicks, and one half of the world will think there is a point, if they would be at the trouble of searching for it; and the other half will not be at the trouble of thinking about it at all. Well then, I am to enter in boy's clothes—bye the bye, I don't much like that incident—'tis unnatural.

Grot. Unnatural! and what then? Has it not effect? Nothing done without it—the heroine in boy's clothes is as essential to modern Comedy, as the three unities to the old.

Lady Panick. Modern! Why you do not mean to insinuate that I write for the present day—you will not accuse me of such egregious folly—no, Sir, 'tis posterity must do me justice.

Grot. True; but unless your Ladyship pays turnpikes, you'll be stopped on the road; besides, it admits an entire new plot, unconnected with what preceded; and really the attempt at interesting an audience in one simple story, for five long acts, must be classed among the insolent pretensions of antiquity, and certainly cannot be charged on your Ladyship.

Lady Panick. Right, right. Ah, Grotesque, were all critics like you, how enviable would be the feelings of an author!

Grot.

Grot. Ah, my Lady, were all writers like you, how pleasing would be the task of criticism!

Enter Tony.

Tony. I beg pardon, Sir, but Lady Pet. has sent twice to have her monkey painted before you leave the country. He is in high spirits, bit the doctor's ear, and flung his physic at the chaplain—and my master is coming up.

Lady Panick. Your master coming up?—he does not know of my being here.

Tony. No, my Lady, I thought Mr. Grotesque was alone.

Lady Panick. Shew him up by all means—and not a word that I am here. [*Exit Tony.*] Do but conceal me where I can see and hear—remember he is a marked man, and draw him out as much as possible—I would not lose a word.

Grot. Never fear, my Lady, never fear.

Lady Panick. My Comedy was damn'd, was it, good, sweet Sir Paul! who will chew the cud next, my dear? [*Goes into a side room.*]

Grot. If I don't squeeze something tight from this—

Enter Sir Paul.

I am really flattered, Sir Paul, by your visit to my room—you find me very busy.

Sir Paul. Aye, about *me*—I thought so—plague seize his expedition!—he looks one of your dry facetious fellows—a droll dog, I'll be sworn. Oh, I have a rooted antipathy to a droll dog. Such cannibals should be hunted from every civilized state.—It won't answer. Remember I tell you as a friend; not that I value being made ridiculous—but I should be sorry to see you plunged into expence; and take my word, it will not answer.

Grot. Not answer? I'll bet you are through six editions before the end of the week. Why, Sir, I mean

to run you against a scurrilous Pamphlet, or a new Opera.

Sir Paul. Mine—a mere common face!

Grot. Common! why, Sir, 'tis a fund—every feature an annuity. Shall I reserve you some proofs?

Sir Paul. My face a fund?—Zounds, Sir, I have no face. My features annuities?—Zounds, Sir, I haven't a feature.

Grot. Pure modesty, Sir Paul; pure modesty! Do yourself justice. Only wait till you see the proofs.

Sir Paul. Extract mirth from me—gold from lead as soon. I defy your art to hammer out a spark—nothing eccentric about me.

Grot. I tell you, Sir, to a Caricaturist—you are a mint of eccentricities—I only hesitate which to coin first.

Sir Paul. An empty, unmeaning—look at me again, Sir.

Grot. The more I look—

Sir Paul. Obstinate thief—(*Aside*)—A broad vacant stare—a—

Grot. Gad, I never noticed that before—sublime indeed!

Sir Paul. The hang-dog—(*Aside*)—Hark ye, you have heard of a prosecution?

Grot. Eh! What, you'll prosecute—the very thing I wish. I'll pay your expences.

Sir Paul. This in a free country!—(*Aside*)—Nay then, a man so disinterested, it would be a shame he should lose—(*Offers a purse.*)

Grot. Ah, Sir, there you hit me. Every man has his foible. Disinterestedness is mine. (*Takes the money.*)

Sir Paul. My wife, indeed—if you had thought of her—she is worth doing—a choice non-descript—her itch for plays—fair game—a noble opening—think of that.

Grot. What your wife—hush, hush—(*stifling a laugh, and drawing him towards the room where Lady Panick is*)—

I would

I would not have her lose a word—(*Aside*)—your wife, you say——

Sir Paul. Has she not dramatized me? Have I not run the gauntlet from play to farce? Am I not food for every hungry author she brings to my house?—cut up by her and her ragged troop, my gait mimicked, and my manners ap'd. (*Lady Panick laughs.*) Eh! what noise is that? 'Twas my wife's voice. I would not have her find me here—I should never hear the last of it—(*Going out at the door he came in at—Sir Harry and Montague are heard disputing.*)—Eh! Zounds, I am beset—fellows hid to sketch me—I shall be flayed alive.

Grot. Here, Sir; here is a closet.

Sir Paul. I shall be squeezed to death in this mummy-case—if you hear a wheezing, burst the door at any rate—or, egad, I may trot off in a fit. (*Goes in.*)

Grot. Captain Montague, by all that is mischievous! come to revenge himself for that cursed note. He seems in an infernal rage—'Gad, I don't like my situation either.

Lady Panick. (*Peeping.*) Hift! Hift! Don't take Sir Paul yet; wait some instructions from me, and I'll help you to such a delicious trait—(*Sir Paul peeps—she shuts the door.*)

Sir Paul. Grotesque, Grotesque! I am half suffocated. Dispatch her Ladyship soon—she is plaguily long-winded—and you shall have a hit at her, will make your fortune.

Sir Harry. (*Without.*) Now that I have found you, Sir,—(*Sir Paul shuts his door.*)

Grot. Zounds, he means me. I'll get out of the way too. [*Exit into another closet.*]

Enter Sir Harry and Montague.

Sir Harry. Whither does this conduct lead?—you cannot think that I will suffer the family to be so far imposed on.

Mont. Upon my soul, Sir, as I have not the gift of divination, it is impossible for me to guess how far you chuse the family should be imposed on.

Sir Harry. This is no season, Sir, for raillery. They tell me you have offered your hand to Miss Evelyn.

Mont. I have.

Sir Harry. And as Sir Harry Cecil —

Mont. Most assuredly.

Sir Harry. How? do you confess it.

Mont. To be serious then—I have listened tamely to you, Sir; and now hear me—Disgusted with the world—no matter how—this strange wild scheme fascinated your imagination. In the confidence of friendship you entrusted it to me. Unhappily the impulse of affection overcame the stubbornness of principle.

Sir Harry. Pshaw!

Mont. Well, Sir, I yielded. You took the name of Montague, and came to throw the handkerchief. I followed, the humble instrument of your design—the mere creature of your caprice—and as you seemed particular in your attentions to Miss Harriet—nay, I may be mistaken, but the whole family thought so as well as myself—mine, in pure complacency—for she was then betrothed to Visage—were directed to Miss Evelyn;—too late I felt my own imprudence—this slight distinction, which I meant merely as a tribute to the sex, soon grew into passion for her.

Sir Harry. Hold, Sir, what then was meant by your offer to Harriet?

Mont. That was damned unlucky, to be sure (*Aside.*) Visage was expected every instant; I was desperate; what shall I say? have I not told you that I loved? nay, start not; you know it is impossible to see and not to love her; (*Sir Harry sighs.*) but further still, she returns my love, and can you then expect, that in the zenith of my hope, just as I see my Constance smile—

Sir

Sir Harry. Constance knows of the deception.

Mont. Damnation ! I almost feared as much from her behaviour.

Sir Harry. I myself revealed it ; but in justice I must add, that her intentions towards you were still the same.

Mont. Is it possible ! Come, there is an honesty in that confession has subdued my anger, and ——

Sir Harry. I know not how to act —— this bill of Grotesque's has already rais'd suspicion.

Mont. The rascal ! but since Constance ——

Sir Harry. What will Sir Paul say ?

Mont. Pshaw ! Sir Paul is a fretful pusillanimous animal, that may easily be frightened into terms.

Sir Harry. Then, my Lady —— (*beats his forehead.*)

Mont. Sooner still —— your pretenders to wit are the veriest asses in the whole œconomy of the creation.

Lady Panick, (rushing out.) I can hold no longer. Pretenders to wit ! am I a pretender ? (*Montague turning to avoid her, meets Sir Paul, and she turns to Sir Harry.*)

Sir Paul, (rushing out.) A fretful pusillanimous animal ! Am I fretful ? am I pusillanimous ? (*Montague turning to avoid Sir Paul, meets Grotesque, and Sir Paul turns to Sir Harry.*)

Grot. (rushing out.) A rascal ! call me rascal ? (*To Mont.*) but I'll be reveng'd ; for though you seem a little confus'd as to your identity, you acknowledged the bill ; I can bring witnesses to prove you acknowledged the bill. (*To Sir Harry.*)

Sir Paul. Pshaw ! can you bring witnesses to prove them able to pay it ? —— don't you see they are arrant adventurers both ? I always suspected them.

Lady Panick. To attempt to palm so stale a plot on me —— (*as Sir Harry is going to speak.*)

Enter Lord Visage and Constance.

Lord Vis. Eh ! how ? is not that rascal gone yet ? Sir Harry, what do you mean ?

Lady Panick. Sir Harry, a pretty blunder you have led us into—the Cecil nose indeed!

Sir Paul. Nothing but your damn'd family likeness could have set my suspicions asleep.

Lord Vis. What the devil is all this?

Enter Harriet.

Lady Pan. (to her.) So, madam! are you come? you had seen Sir Harry frequently at your father's, forsooth!

Sir Harry. What do I hear? she must have known the whole then, and I—

Sir Paul. To be sure she did—a grateful return for our kindness!

Lady Panick. Then my friend Lady Rant; that she should serve me such a trick! they brought letters from her.

Sir Paul. Oh dear, Lady Rant! she is a wit, you know, and, I dare say, thought it a devilish good thing to introduce a couple of adventurers into the family of her friend.

Lord Vis. (taking his glass, and looking at Mont.) Eh! how? what? what! a couple of adventurers?

Const. Yes, my Lord, and there (pointing to Sir Harry) is the more daring of the two—one who adventures at the heart; and with such happy skill, that all the little soft refinements of my sex are shamed to silence, and every passion of my soul rushes in eager exultation to confess their sovereign lord and master.—Sir Harry Cecil, there are proofs, (gives papers.) My Cecil! I have not learnt to repay confidence with ingratitude, or think the worse of a generous mind for thinking too well of me (To Montague and Harriet.)—Say, Cecil, can you—will you pardon me these moments of anxiety; necessary as they seemed for the punishment of villany, and the full possession of our hopes?

Sir Harry. (throwing himself on his knees.) It was your generous interference then—Am I awake? 'tis sure a dream.

Mont.

Mont. Well, Harriet, your hand then, since fate will have it so; and let us leave so exquisite a groupe to the refined contemplation of Sir Harry's talent at deception, and his Lordship's at nice discrimination.

Har. Or, if you, my Lady, of the generous sentiments you so liberally commit to paper, had put one in practice, and treated me as your niece, not as a poor dependant, I should never have been tempted, in search of an establishment, to forget what I owe myself and sex.

[*Exit with Mont.*

Sir Paul. Nay, then, we cannot leave his punishment in better hands.

Lady Panick. What do you mean, my dear? You must insist on an apology.

Sir Paul. An apology?—Zounds! he may challenge me.

Lady Panick. Pshaw—I'll take care of that.

Sir Paul. Will you answer it?

Grot. A fretful, pusillanimous animal!—those were his words; I took care to note them down, as your friend. How I envy you!

Sir Paul. Eh!—how?—what?

Lady Panick. So glorious an opportunity of wiping off the aspersion——

Grot. Any man may do away an imputation on his courage.—Oh! I would he had called me coward:—but rascal! it's not so easy to do away that.

Sir Paul. Very true, very true; but d——e if I fight.

Grot. The words, Sir Paul! only consider the words: I took care to note them down as your friend.

Lady Panick. “A fretful, pusillanimous animal!”——only think of that, my dear; only think of that.

Sir Paul. Don't think to wheedle me into an act of desperation—I am not to be so cajol'd—You shall not set me up to be fired at like a Shrove-Tuesday cock.—I should not mind if it was as it used to be——an early walk up Constitution-hill, a round of the Ring, and then

to

to rolls and butter at a coffee-house.——But it's not so now;—your long double-barrelled pistols, with a bore for a three-pounder; and then your hair-triggers go off at the smell of powder!——Egad, modern duelling has put suicide out of fashion.—I tell you again, d——e if I fight.

Lord Vis. Ah, Sir Harry, if I had but seen that mole, or the dimple in your chin——But I was caught by that fellow's cursed nose.

Grot. Aye, my Lord, they certainly changed noses as well as characters.

Const. But who is this Montague?

Sir Harry. I knew him at college—and, on my return from abroad, he won my confidence by a pretended zeal to serve me—which wore the air of disinterestedness, as he artfully concealed his knowledge of my brother's death.

Const. And then, you know, he never read Lavater, my Lord.

Sir Paul. No, no. Come, come, my Lord, you give up your system? (*To Lord Visage.*)

Const. Give up his system! Heaven forbid! 'Tis yours, Sir Paul—'tis mine—we are all physiognomists; you have made us so. (*To the audience.*) In your countenances we have ever traced that candour and indulgence which softens the rigid sentence of criticism, and welcomes an endeavour to please, with the kind suffrage of partial friendship.

THE END.

EPILOGUE.

Written by G. COLMAN, JUN. Esq.

Spoken by Miss FARREN.

FACES are books where men may read strange matters;

Of the mind's movements ev'ry feature smatters;
As thoughts arise, though the mute tongue conceal them,
Our eyes, cheeks, chins, and noses, all reveal them —
Your thoughts of this our Play, then, to discover,
I'll read, good folks, your countenances over.

Please to hold up your heads — so — keep your places —
Really, a fine well-printed set of faces!

England, indeed, may boast beyond all nations,
For force of style, and handsome decorations,
Some of dame Nature's choicest publications.
Yet there's a round, black-letter'd face below,
(That little chubby duodecimo,)

Whose title-page is Critic, sour and glum;
He with his chin there stuck upon his thumb:
There's mischief in his turn-up nose — his eye
Scowls, furiously, on modern comedy;

“ Stuff! nonsense! trash!” I read in ev'ry column
Of his ill-favour'd, little, crabbed volume,

“ Let no such man be trusted.” More than half
Of critics now, who scorn a harmless laugh,
Are dull, unletter'd lumber, bound in calf.

Turn we from these, where sparkling belles and beaux,
In elegant editions grace our rows —

Beauty's a study ev'ry mind engages,
And the eye dwells, delighted, on the pages.
No cynic doctrines in a female face,
No harsh, unkindly sentence there we trace;
Candour, in ev'ry feature, pleads our cause,
And each bewitching dimple marks applause.

*As for the beaux — their faces, 'tis confess,
Are but insipid reading at the best.
Well drest, they gape and stare, with vacant looks,
Nature's mere handsome-bound blank-paper books!
Or smart mock volumes, neatly carv'd in wood,
That fill up shelves, and do nor harm, nor good!
Our friends who o'er our heads there keep a pother,
Stuck, like fat folio's, close to one another,
It warms the heart, to find, as we peruse them,
Kindness to all who labour to amuse them.
Be kind then, here! faces no more I'll read;
Give but your countenance, and we succeed.*



